



Her name is Maya



ghost

supernatural

paranormal

140 22 24

Chapter 1 by Kenzawenza

I am dead.

I am a ghost.

My name is Maya.

Now that we have gotten through introductions and unless you have

1) slapped me and run away (because I am standing right behind you reading over your shoulder),

2) fainted, or

3) screamed,

I think we will get along just fine! This is my journal/diary/book. I can write in it because I was holding it when I died. There are some weird rules regarding relationships between items, organisms, and ghosts. I don't really know them all, just the gist. So please just don't ask. All I really got when it was explained to me was: I can write and use this journal/diary/book and only people I want can read and use it.

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Chapter 2 by Emily Carver



You're a ghost?

You follow a ghost "rule book"?

You expect me to believe you?

I may have grown up watching Supernatural, but that doesn't mean I am suddenly a believer in all things horror. And even though it would be pretty cool to have a ghost as a friend, you can't honestly think I'll just believe whatever you write in a diary.

So, prove it.

Chapter 3 by gaysmolbean



Hmmmmmm...

Proof, huh?

How about **this** for proof?

I'll turn on every tap and light in your little apartment,
and pull all the books off the shelf.

I'll open the cabinets,
and even draw an your desk.

(And yes, just because I'm a ghost doesn't mean I don't have access to pens, okay?)

Wait...

Do you think you're just hallucinating, or something?

I am writing in this book after all...

So it's not like you don't have some proof already.

You're not dreaming!

I promise.

See?

I pinched your arm.

No dreams here!

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Do you believe me now?
I hope you do.
I'm incredibly lonely, friend.
Can I call you friend?
I've always wanted a friend.
I've never had one, even before I died.

Chapter 4 by Amber Lee



I don't know.
You still seem pretty fake.

How do I know you're not my little sister?

That was kind of weird when it felt like someone touched my arm, but I'm going to need real proof.
How about we meet by the old barn and I'll watch as you write on the wall? I really will believe in you if I see words magically appearing.
Meet tomorrow at 4:30.

Also, why don't you actually tell me a little about you.

Birthday

Deathday

Where you lived,

What you like and dislike,

Why you are haunting this place,

And how you died.

Then I might believe you.

Chapter 5 by Evvy 😊



Ok, deal.
I was born on August 3, 1965.
I died on December 10, 1989.
I lived in New York City.
I love knitting.

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I dislike being a ghost

I am haunting this place because I never had any friends and my live long wish was to have at least one friend, but that never happened so I am here because I need a friend.

I died when I was 15

Some mean kids who really wanted to kill something snuck into my room and stabbed me to death.

Thats all I can say it hurts to much to talk about it.

Chapter 6 by Hope <3 elio elio elio



Jeez. Some people are sick.

Wow. My birthday is in August too!

I feel you... you know, about the friends thing. All my friends turned on me in middle school.

Um so, maybe we could be friends?

Just...Just a thought. I'm kind of a loner now. I could really use someone.

Chapter 7 by SaintSayaka



She closed the book. It was weird, finding a journal that responded to her when she wrote in it. And she had watched enough Harry Potter to know that she should have never responded when it started talking back to her angsty diary entry. But it was true. She was lonely.

And this was better than nothing.

She made preparations to meet her new friend.

Chapter 8 by Mockingjay



She walked to old barn at 4:28 and arrived right on time.

She waited and waited for hours.

But her friend never came to meet her.

After about three hours of waiting, she gave up and realized that this must be some awful prank

her little sister must be behind

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Maya made her way to old barn at 4:28 and arrived right on time.

She waited and waited for

But her friend never came to meet her.

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After about three hours of waiting, she gave up and realized that this must be some awful prank the people who killed her must be behind

What neither of them knew, was that this was not some awful prank.

What neither of them knew, was that the other one was just waiting on the other side of the old barn.

And what neither of them knew, was that they would never get another chance to meet.

the end

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